

But soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre;  
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,  
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;  
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole  
With iuyce of curfed Hebenon in a Violl,  
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure  
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,  
That swift as Quick-silver, it courtes through  
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;  
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possit  
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,  
The thin and whollome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth Body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,  
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;  
Cut off even in the Blossomes of my Sinne,  
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head;  
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:  
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;  
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be  
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,  
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue  
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,  
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,  
To pricke and sting her. Farethee well at once;  
The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to be neere,  
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:  
Adue, adue, Hamlet: remember me. *Exit.*

*Ham.* Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?  
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;  
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;  
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?  
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate  
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?  
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,  
Ile wipe away all triuall fond Records,  
All sawes of Bookes; all formes, all presures past,  
That youth and obseruation coppied there;  
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue  
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,  
Vnmixt with bafer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:  
Oh most pernicious woman!  
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!  
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,  
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;  
So Vncle there you are: now to my word;  
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

*Hor. & Mar. within.* My Lord, my Lord,  
*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.  
*Hor.* Heauen secure him.  
*Mar.* So be it.  
*Hor.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.  
*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.  
*Mar.* How is't my Noble Lord?  
*Hor.* What newes, my Lord?  
*Ham.* Oh wonderfull!  
*Hor.* Good my Lord tell it.  
*Ham.* No you'l reueale it.

*Hor.* Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.  
*Mar.* Nor I, my Lord.  
*Ham.* How say you then, would heart of man once  
But you'l be secret?  
*Both.* I, by Heau'n, my Lord.  
*Ham.* There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke  
But hee's an arrant knaue.  
*Hor.* There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the  
Grave, to tell vs this.  
*Ham.* Why right, you are i'th' right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:  
For every man ha's businesse and desire,  
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,  
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.  
*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you heartily:  
Yes faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence my Lord.  
*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,  
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:  
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is betwene vs,  
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,  
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,  
Giue me one poore request.

*Hor.* What is't my Lord? we will.  
*Ham.* Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

*Both.* My Lord, we will not.  
*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith my Lord, not I.  
*Mar.* Nor I my Lord: in faith.

*Ham.* Vpon my sword.  
*Marcell.* We haue sworn my Lord already.

*Ham.* Indeed, vpon my sword, indeed.  
*Gho.* Swear.

*Ham.* Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-  
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the felleredge  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the Oath my Lord.  
*Ham.* Neuer to speake of this that you haue scene,  
Swear by my sword.

*Gho.* Swear.  
*Ham.* Hic & vbi? Then wee'l shift for grownd,  
Come hither Gentlemen,

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,  
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:  
Swear by my sword.

*Gho.* Swear.  
*Ham.* Well said old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground so  
A worthy Pioneer, once more remoue good friends.

*Hor.* Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.  
*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio,*  
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,  
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,  
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;  
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet  
To put an Anticke disposition on:)  
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall  
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrases;  
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,  
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,  
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:  
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:  
Swear.

*Gho.* Swear.  
*Ham.* Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,  
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,  
May doe't expresse his loue and friending to you,  
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,  
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,  
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curfed spight,  
That euer I was borne to set it right.  
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

## Actus Secundus.

*Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.*

*Polon.* Giue him his money, and these notes Reynoldo.  
*Reynol.* I will my Lord.

*Polon.* You shall doe maruels wisely: good Reynoldo,  
Before you visite him you make inquiry  
Of his behauiour.

*Reynol.* My Lord, I did intend it.  
*Polon.* Marry, well said;

Very well said. Looke you Sir,  
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe;

What company, at what expence: and finding  
By this encompasement and drift of question,  
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer  
Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,  
And thus I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

*Reynol.* I, very well my Lord.  
*Polon.* And in part him, but you may say not well;

But if't be hee I mean, hees very wilde;  
Addicted so and so; and there put on him  
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,

As may dishonour him; take heed of that:  
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,  
As are Companions noted and most knowne  
To youth and liberty.

*Reynol.* As gaming my Lord.  
*Polon.* I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

*Reynol.* My Lord that would dishonour him.  
*Polon.* Faith no, as you may season it in the charges;

You must not put another scandall on him,  
That hee is open to Incontinencie;  
That's not my meaning; but breath his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seeme the stains of liberty;

The flash and out-broke of a fiery minde,  
A sauagenes in vnrclaim'd blood of generall assault.

*Reynol.* But my good Lord.  
*Polon.* Wherefore should you doe this?

*Reynol.* I my Lord, I would know that.  
*Polon.* Marry Sir, heere's my drift;

And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:  
You laying these flights folleyes on my Sonne,  
As 'twere a thing a little foild i'th' working;  
Marke you your party in conuulse; him you would  
Hauing euer scene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of  
He closes with you in the  
Good sir, or so, or friend  
According to the Phrase  
Of man and Country.

*Reynol.* Very good.  
*Polon.* And then Sir

He does: what was I abo  
I was about to say some  
*Reynol.* At clothes in t  
At friend, or so, and Gen  
*Polon.* At clothes in t

He closes with you thus  
I saw him yesterday, or  
Or then or then, with su  
There was he gaming, t  
There falling out at Ten  
I saw him enter such a h  
Videlicet, a Brothell, or f  
Your bait of falshood, r  
And thus doe we of wile  
With windleses, and wi  
By indirections finde di  
So by my former Lectur  
Shall you my Sonney you

*Reynol.* My Lord I  
*Polon.* God buy you  
*Reynol.* Good my L  
*Polon.* Obserue his in  
*Reynol.* I shall my L  
*Polon.* And let him p  
*Reynol.* Well, my L

*Enter*

*Polon.* Farewell:  
How now Ophelia, what

*Ophe.* Alas my Lord  
*Polon.* With what, in  
*Ophe.* My Lord, as I

Lord Hamlet with his d  
No hat vpon his head, h  
Vngartred, and downe  
Pale as his shirt, his kno  
And with a look so pi  
As if he had been looke  
To speake of horrors: l

*Polon.* Mad for thy L  
*Ophe.* My Lord, I doe  
*Polon.* What said he  
*Ophe.* Heooke me l

Then goes he to the len  
And with his other han  
He falls to such perusall  
As he would draw it. I  
At last, a little shaking o  
And thrice his head thus  
He rais'd a sigh, so pittie  
That it did seeme to sha  
And end his being. Tha  
And with his head ouer  
He seem'd to finde his v  
For out aderes he went  
And to the last, bended

*Polon.* Goe with me,  
This is the very extasie  
Whose violent property